

Here is the extraordinary story of John Meyer, as told by himself. It has been carefully verified in all essential particulars by **EVENING WORLD** reporters:

The second day he was in his new place. Meyer was standing at the door when he was surprised to see his whilom friend, Horner, man, washing a carriage in front of a livery stable adjoining.

He hailed him and the men had a long chat about old times.

Hoffman asked Meyer how much he was getting a week.

"Four dollars," he replied.

"You're a fool to work for that money," said Hoffman.

Hoffman then assimilated more with the

The turnkey laughed derisively. Taking

Gore's grounder was a picnic for Wood. O'Rourke didn't hit anything visible and

woman, residing at 404 East Sixth street swallowed a dose of muriatic acid by mistake at 4 o'clock yesterday afternoon and died at 6 o'clock this morning.

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